

# THE GETTYSBURG TIMES.

Vol X. No. 201

Gettysburg, Pa. Monday June 10 1912

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There isn't a man in the world more entitled to good looks, good clothes and good luck than yourself.

Lippy Clothes are the kind that put you right.

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Our Summer list of Haberdashery consists of a fine line of underwear, Lion Brand Shirts and collars, the very latest line of ties, including the Del Park wash ties, interwoven silk hose and the famous Brigham Hopkins straw hats.

Our High School and College Penants and Cushions make nice graduation presents.

We have the official Boy Scout Penant.

You will find in our Tailoring Department a fine assortment of Summer Fabrics for your commencement suit.

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Thomas Brothers on the Square for a Square Deal

Hair Switches \$1.25 to \$2.50, new assortment of Ladies' Hand Bags, new lot 100 piece Dinner Sets, at the low price, Lap Spreads and Fly Nets at special prices, we have a Straw Hat to please you in style and price. Yours truly

THOMAS BROTHERS

BIGLERVILLE.

## GIFTS for the JUNE BRIDE

We have many beautiful articles in stock appropriate for wedding gifts. French China Initialed China Austrian China German China

Cut Glass

Fine Dinnerware and Toilet Ware, Weavever Aluminum Cooking Utensils etc.

Gettysburg Department Store.

THIRTY pieces French and silk gingham were 25 cents, now 19 cents per yard. Large selection of good patterns. G. W. Weaver and Son.

YOU can always get crabs, frogs or anything in season at Raymond's Auto Kitchen.

BUSINESS stand in Gettysburg for sale. Doing a good business. Apply Times office.

YOUR old straw hat will look like new if cleaned by Pettis Bros. Chambersburg street.

MANY town people get their dinners at Raymond's Auto Kitchen.

## BACCALAUREATE TO GRADUATES

President Granville Makes Baccalaureate Address to Senior Class before Large Congregation. Other Services.

Commencement week at Gettysburg College opened on Sunday morning with the baccalaureate sermon by President Granville, in College Church. The large Senior class, numbering sixty three, occupied the center of the church which was filled with relatives and friends of the graduates. The special music was an anthem, a violin solo by Mr. Lotz and a solo by Miss Ruth Clutz with Mr. Lotz playing a violin obligato.

President Granville based his address on the Parable of the Talents, his subject being "The Responsibility which Education Imposes." He said in part:

"The right sort of a college graduate should not be far removed from the ebb and flow of the every day human life of his home town or of the community in which his college is located. If his education has been of the right kind he will have entered more deeply than ever before into the political, social, industrial and moral situations that confront us as a people, and will have carefully studied the perplexing problems that are calling to us as a nation for solution. In fact, his future success, his usefulness in the most comprehensive sense of the term, will in a very large measure depend on the keenness of his perception in discovering our real, our essential needs, and on his skill and industry in satisfying them."

"We observe that the Master did not hand over the talents in fee simple to his servants to do with according to their own sweet will; the talents were given to them in trust, for we read that 'after a long time the Lord of those servants cometh, and reckoneth with them.' And this idea of the responsibility of stewardship is brought out in a clear and strong light, when in his reckoning with the Master said 'let my coming I should have received my own with interest.' Your talent of a college education has been given you as a sacred trust, it is a temporary, a conditional loan, it is a personal obligation which you cannot evade or shift to other shoulders, it is a responsibility for which you individually will be held to the strictest accountability."

"If we do not bring to our bank interest on the money we have borrowed as well as the principal when demanded, the bank has no redress in case we are insolvent; it is a loss they must be prepared to bear, for that is one of the hazards of the business of banking. But God is never at a loss to enforce His demands and His decrees are executed by a court higher than any human tribunal. His judgments are final, there can be no appeal from His decisions to a higher court, for His court is the Supreme Court of the universe. He is a judge who cannot be influenced by a referendum or intimidated by a recall. In the same measure as God is love and delights in rewarding the good, the true, the loyal, the faithful soul, so also His justice is without flaw and His punishment is just as sure to follow faithlessness as His mercy abounds to those who love Him and keep His commandments. And all this you must weigh carefully influenced by personal pride or an overwhelming ambition on the one hand or by an indolent nature or an affected modesty on the other, having always in view only the highest utility and the greatest good, with a burning desire to accelerate all movements in the cause of civil righteousness, human happiness, and holiness, and holy enterprise. You must have the courage to ask where your duty lies and you should be ready and willing to unreservedly follow wherever the answer may lead."

In the evening at six o'clock an open air service was held on the College Campus. Dr. T. J. Barkley, read the Scripture lesson; Rev. F. E. Taylor made a brief address. The music was led by the college orchestra.

Later in the evening the annual address to the Young Men's Christian Association was made by Robert Weidensall, of New York, a graduate of the college in the class of 1890 and since 1870 prominently identified with Y. M. C. A. work. The college glee club formed the choir at the evening service.

LET Pettis Bros. clean your old straw hat.

FOR RENT: four room flat over the Gas Company office, can be used for offices or house keeping, 33 Baltimore street. Apply Dr. H. L. Diehl.

BEANS 6 cents a quart, corn 6 cents a can, Miller, the cash grocer and confectioner.

## ARRESTED ON BIGAMY CHARGE

D. Rolla Finkbinder, Married in Gettysburg in February Last, Arrested here on Saturday. Thought he was Divorced.

Charged with bigamy D. Rolla Finkbinder was arrested here Saturday afternoon as he stepped from the 3.42 train by Chief Shealer who had been following him for several days through Harrisburg, Hagerstown and Chambersburg. Mr. Shealer finally found that he was headed for this place and returned from his hunt Saturday morning to wait for the man whom he took as soon as the train arrived. Finkbinder claimed that the officer had the wrong man but offered no resistance.

On February 20 last, Rev. F. X. Dougherty married in St. Francis Xavier church D. Rolla Finkbinder and Miss Jennie Thomas of Gettysburg route 1. The records at the Court House indicate that in securing his marriage license the groom gave no indication that he had been previously married and Fr. Dougherty knew nothing of his former marriage which occurred, it is said on January 11, 1906, the bride being Miss Eva May Bittinger who resided at that time in Franklin county and is now a resident of Harrisburg.

Finkbinder claims as his defense that he thought a divorce, for which he had been suing in Franklin County Court, had been granted and that he was legally separated from his first wife at the time he married Miss Thomas. He brought the action on grounds of desertion and says he had been informed by his attorney that the decree would be granted on a date prior to that on which he married Miss Thomas. He took it for granted that this had been done and his second marriage followed. All the testimony had been taken in the divorce case, it is said, and it was practically concluded when Mrs. Finkbinder, who had not appeared at any of the hearings made a request to offer testimony and this held up the granting of the decree which would have made Finkbinder free to marry again. He claims he knew nothing of the delay until after his second marriage.

Nothing was known here of the double marriage until last week when a letter was received from the first Mrs. Finkbinder referring to her marriage. It was given into the hands of the local police with speedy action following.

Finkbinder is now in the county jail.

## COMING EVENTS

June 10—Concert. College Musical Clubs, Brua Chapel.  
June 11—Class Day Exercises. College Campus.  
June 12—College Commencement. Brua Chapel.  
June 12—Frank McEntee Players. College Campus.  
June 13—Catholic High School Commencement. Xavier Hall.  
June 17—Opening of Gettysburg Summer School.

## ELEVEN INNING GAME

The Gettysburg A. C. team met defeat at Carlisle Saturday by the score of 6 to 5. The game went eleven innings before the deciding run could be scored. Appier's pitching and batting were the features of the game. With two men on the bases in the ninth he knocked a home run tying the score. The game was one of the best ever played on Biddle field. The second game will be played at Mt. Holly during the Adams County picnic.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL CONVENTION

The sixth District of the Adams County Sunday School Association will hold a convention in St. Paul's Lutheran church, Biglerville Friday, June 14th. Afternoon and evening sessions will be held. Everybody welcome.

PAIR of ponies for sale. Also good survey. G. R. Thompson, Gettysburg.

## TOWN SCHOOL REPORTS

The annual report of attendance for the Gettysburg Public Schools during term 1911-1912 is as follows:

No.	on roll	Average	Per cent	Present every day	Tardy
High School	112	102	97	26	121
8th Grade, Miss Rummel	39	35	98	7	0
7th & 8th Grade, Miss Benner	39	32	99	8	6
7th Grade, Miss Miller	40	35	98	11	13
6th Grade, Miss Hamilton	43	37	95	4	73
5th & 6th Grades, Miss Major	46	42	98	23	18
5th Grade, Miss McGrew	34	32	96	6	43
4th Grade, Mrs. Wible	50	42	97	11	44
3d & 4th Grades, Miss Scott	49	43	97	15	26
3d Grade, Mrs. Witherow	54	46	96	9	33
2nd Grade, Miss Sachs	47	40	93	7	18
1st & 2nd Grades, Miss Ruff	45	33	96	8	44
1st Grade, Miss Scott	70	51	93	6	95
Colored School, Miss Curry	30	20	83	0	247
Total	698	590	96	141	740

W. A. Burgoon, Supervising Principal.

## PERSONAL NOTES AND BRIEF ITEMS

Paragraphs of News Telling of the Happenings in and about Town. People Visiting here and those Sojourning Elsewhere.

Miss Rebecca Pomeroy has returned to Chambersburg after a visit of several days at the home of Miss Frances Sheely on Springs avenue.

Prof. and Mrs. P. S. Miller, of Glenville, are spending some time at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Wilson on East Middle street.

Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Fleck, of Riegelsville, are spending the week here attending commencement affairs.

Mr. Keller of Millintown, is in Gettysburg for college commencement week.

Herbert S. Bream who is with the American Bridge Company, is spending some time at his home on Seminary Ridge.

E. D. Bream, of Sioux City, Iowa, is visiting relatives and friends here for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Humphreys, of Norwood, are registered at the Eagle this week.

Rev. David C. Burnite has resigned as pastor of one of the Lutheran churches in York to accept a call to Galion, Ohio.

Dr. Karl F. Tipton has returned to Pittsburgh after spending several days here.

Mrs. Andrew Potts of Philadelphia, is registered at the Eagle Hotel for several weeks.

Miss Virginia Beard has returned to her home on North Washington street, after spending the past year teaching at Valparaiso University.

Misses Erma and Bertie Berger, of Cumberland, are guests of Miss Reba Miller at her home on York street.

Miss Elsie Gerlach has returned home from Irving College, Mechanicsburg, where she taught during the past year.

Miss Sara Brumbaugh, of Roaring Springs, is visiting friends in town during college commencement week.

Maurice Baker has gone to Asbury Park, New Jersey, where he has accepted a position with a trolley company for the summer months.

John Blocher, of West Middle street, has gone to Dayton, Ohio, for a visit of several weeks.

Rev. and Mrs. E. G. Miller and sons, of Lebanon, are spending the week with Mrs. M. Valentine at her home on Springs avenue.

Dr. J. J. Weaver, of Westminster, Md., is a commencement week visitor in Gettysburg.

Miss Mabel Yonson, of Waynesboro, is the guest of Miss Mary Himes at her home on Carlisle street.

Mrs. Mary G. Stuckenborg left Gettysburg Saturday after a visit of several days in town.

Mrs. W. A. Shipman, of Johnstown, is the guest of Miss Maria Huber at her home on Chambersburg street.

Mrs. M. Richards, of Allentown, is visiting her sisters, the Misses McClean, at their home on East Middle street.

Judge Swope went to McConnellsburg today to conduct Fulton County Court.

Mrs. Bloomhardt and daughter, of Altoona are spending the week with friends in Gettysburg.

Miss Helen Wagner, of Hazleton, is a guest at the home of Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Stahley on Springs avenue.

Miss Reba Conklin, of Columbia, is a guest at the home of Mrs. Sterling Valentine, Lincoln avenue.

Mrs. Brumbaugh and Miss Brumbaugh, of Philadelphia, are commencement week visitors in Gettysburg.

Josephine Ulrich has returned to her home in Sunbury after spending sometime at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Wavell, Steinwehr avenue.

Miss Hazel Wavell, of Steinwehr avenue, is visiting friends in Harrisburg and Sunbury.

At a tea given Saturday afternoon by Misses Nellie and Grace Blocher, Carlisle street, for their friends, Miss Sara Brumbaugh and Miss Elizabeth McLaughlin, announcement was made of the engagement of Miss Grace Blocher to Rev. Edmund L. Menges, of Champaign, Illinois.

## ARCHITECT RESIGNS

James Knox Taylor, who has been Supervising Architect of the Treasury Department since October, 1897, has resigned his position and will do private work. He designed the local post office.

WANTED: six or eight head of young cattle. Drop me postal will come to see them. J. W. Eicholtz, Gettysburg, Pa.

STRAYED away: brindle and white bull pup. Reward if returned to Zirc's store.

## LETTERS FROM COUNTY TOWNS

Correspondents send in Many Items of Interesting News from their Respective Towns. Personals and Many Brief Items.

## IRON SPRINGS

Iron Springs, June 10—The following visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bowling on last Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. James Beard, of Highland township, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shriener and daughter, Elizabeth, of near the Stone Church; Mr. and Mrs. James Bowling and little son, Joseph, of Liberty township.

Miss Maude Reed visited Mrs. Howard Martin at Fountain Dale over Sunday.

D. E. McClellan and Howard Reed killed a large blacksnake one day last week in what is known as Russell's Hollow. It measured over 6 feet.

The school board of Hamilton township made a trip to Cold Springs on Saturday last to inspect the school house at that place. The house is in a bad condition and doubtless a new one will be built.

## END OF SEASON

The Gettysburg College base ball team closed its season on Saturday by defeating Franklin and Marshall on Nixon Field by the score of 9 to 5. The game was witnessed by one of the largest crowds of the season. In the sixth inning F. and M. lead with a score of 5 to 2 but Gettysburg scored seven runs in the next three innings. Following were the scores:

Gettysburg 5, Mt. St. Mary's 11.  
Gettysburg 8, Berwick 5.  
Gettysburg 10, Bloomsburg N. S. 1.  
Gettysburg 2, Bucknell 7.  
Gettysburg 0, Lafayette 5.  
Gettysburg 6, Albright 5.  
Gettysburg 3, Dickinson 4.  
Gettysburg 12, Susquehanna 8.  
Gettysburg 5, Mt. St. Mary's 6.  
Gettysburg 3, Dickinson 4.  
Gettysburg 4, F. of M. 2.  
Gettysburg 2, Bloomsburg N. S. 1.  
Gettysburg 9, F. and M. 5.  
Won 7, lost 6.

## MISS ALICE BOWERS

Miss Alice Bowers, formerly of Huntington township, died at the home of her brother, A. D. Bowers, of Harrisburg, at 1:30 Sunday morning from a complication of diseases, aged 54 years.

She was a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Moses Bowers, now dead, and leaves two brothers and three sisters, A. D. Bowers, of Harrisburg; Mrs. John W. Miller, of Huntington township; W. H. Bowers, of Iowa; Mrs. Louis Fissel, of Harrisburg; Mrs. Louisa Bream, Huntington township.

The body will arrive at Gardners Station Tuesday afternoon and will be taken to the home of John W. Miller Huntington township, near York Springs, from where the funeral will be held at 10:30 Wednesday morning. Services and interment at Rock Chapel, Rev. Mr. Logan officiating.

## SURVEYING NEAR DILLSBURG

Dillsburg New Era says: "The inquiring minds in this place have been busy during the week trying to learn the meaning of the arrival of a corps of Reading Railroad surveyors who are making a careful survey between York and D. and M. Junction. The Reading people have long desired a link to connect with Baltimore and it is very probable that this line will be built by way of Kraitown, the Picket and Dover to York."

## MADE GOOD IN THE WEST

Blanton Duncan, Circuit Clerk of the Courts and Recorder of Platte County, Illinois, is in this section visiting relatives and friends.

Mr. Duncan is a son of Samuel H. Duncan, formerly of Abbotstown, and he taught school in Union township, before going West about 20 years ago.

Mr. Duncan's term as Circuit Clerk and Recorder will expire this year, but he has already been nominated for a second term of four years.

## ORDERED 5000 GALLONS OIL

The borough council of Dillsburg ordered 5000 gallons of oil, to be placed on the streets of that borough to keep down the dust. Half the expense is to be paid by private subscriptions.

TRY a plate of ice cream at Butt's new restaurant, Chambersburg and Washington street.

VISIT Butt's new restaurant, Chambersburg and Washington street.

THE Ladies Aid Society of M. E. Church of Orrtanna will hold a festival Saturday night, June 22nd, for the benefit of the church.

FOR RENT: six room house at McKnightstown Station. Possession July 1st, 1912. Railroad agent now occupying it. Call or write me, Wm. S. Duttera, Gettysburg, Pa.



# THE GETTYSBURG TIMES

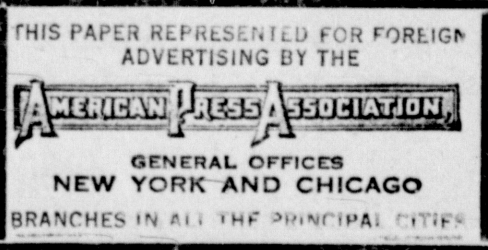
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BELL PHONE UNITED PHONE  
Office in Northwest corner of Centre Square, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.



Want ads. 1 cent per word for first insertion and one-half cent per word for each additional insertion. Resolutions of respect, poetry and memorials 1 cent per word.

## TO OUR READERS

The Gettysburg Times takes absolutely no part in politics, being neutral on all such matters. Anything that appears in general news columns, concerning state or national politics, is furnished us by The American Press Association, a concern which gives the same news to Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, or Socialist papers and which is strictly non-partisan.

Our advertising columns are open to all candidates of all parties.

## SEE OUR REGAL and KEITH & PRATT SHOES and OXFODS for MEN

Owing to a mistake in dates; the display of SUITINGS will not take place April 24th. SAMPLES BOOK at store now.

C. B. KITZMILLER.

## FRANK MCENTEE PLAYERS

(Formerly with Ben Greet)

Will present two of their pastoral plays on the

## COLLEGE CAMPUS

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 12.

In the Afternoon  
"As You Like It"

In the Evening  
"Mid-Summer Night's Dream"

Both plays will be presented in the open

Prices \$1.50, \$1.00, 75 and 50 cents.

Chart at Boehler's Drug Store, Monday morning, June 10.

## HATS CLEANED

Panama, Straw and Felt Hats cleaned and reblocked. We make your old hat look like new.

JOHN and LOUIS PETTIS  
Shoe Shining Parlor.

## REAL ESTATE

If you want to sell or rent your real estate, no matter where located, or, if you want to buy or exchange any kind of real estate, or have rents collected, or properties insured, call on or address,

T. C. McSHERRY,

Real Estate and Insurance Agent,

106 Baltimore St., Gettysburg, Penna.

## FARMERS ATTENTION!

BLACK PRINCE No. 251, sire of Garibaldi, (formerly owned by the Franklin Township Horse Company), has been licensed by the State Live Stock Sanitary Board as an unregistered but SOUND Stallion, weighs 1350 pounds, height 16 hands. Black Prince will stand on the farm of G. C. OYLER, Franklin Township, from April 1st to July 1st, 1912.

For further information write or phone to,

George C. Oyler, Owner and Keeper  
R. F. D. 5, Gettysburg, Pa.

## TAFT'S YACHT NEAR COLLISION

President and Party Were Bound For Old Point, Va.

OCCURRED LATE AT NIGHT

Signal of Commander of Steamer Northland Was Reversed and Vessels Nearly Crashed.

Old Point Comfort, Va., June 10.—President and Mrs. Taft and their party of guests on board the naval yacht Mayflower narrowly escaped a collision with the steamer Northland, of the Norfolk and Washington line, in the lower part of Chesapeake bay, off Smith's Point light, nearly Sunday morning while enroute to Hampton Roads.

At the Northland was attempting to pass on the port side of the Mayflower the naval vessel crossed over the Northland's bow. If Captain Posey, of the Northland, had not stopped his engines and turned the bow of his vessel away from the Mayflower's stern the two vessels would have collided.

President and Mrs. Taft and their guests were asleep at the time and were not aware of their narrow escape from accident until morning. The members of the party, in addition to the President and Mrs. Taft, were Brigadier General William Crozier, U. S. A., chief of ordnance; Representative F. H. Gillette, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence H. Kelsey, of New York; Mrs. F. G. Newlands, Major Thomas L. Rhoads, military aide, and Lieutenant J. W. Timmons, naval aide.

The Mayflower left the Washington navy yard about 6.30 in the evening, about half an hour ahead of the Northland. On the way down the Potomac the president's yacht maintained a lead of about fifteen miles over the Northland.

Shortly after midnight, after both vessels had entered Chesapeake bay, the Northland began to gain on the Mayflower. About 2.30 in the morning both vessels were off Smith's Point light, the Mayflower hugging the Virginia shore and the Northland following a course further out toward the middle of the bay.

The Northland was due at Old Point Comfort more than two hours ahead of the naval yacht, and Captain Posey blew two blasts of his whistle to notify the navigating officer of the Mayflower of his intention of passing on the Mayflower's port side. The Mayflower, however, replied with one long blast, which meant that the Northland should pass on the other or starboard side. Both vessels were steaming at a fair rate of speed and the water was smooth.

Immediately after blowing her whistle the Mayflower changed her course and began to steam across the Northland's bow. The vessels were only a few hundred yards apart, and to avoid a collision Captain Posey stopped the Northland's engines and turned her head to port so as to clear the Mayflower's stern.

When the Mayflower arrived in Hampton Roads the President and Mrs. Taft and their guests entered a launch to go to the Normal and Agricultural institute, but the engines refused to work, and the launch was towed by another launch sent by the yacht Sylph.

The president attended divine services in the chapel and made a short address to the students. After the services Mr. Taft shook hands with several hundred students of the school. Later he boarded the Mayflower, which left immediately for Washington.

## LORIMER VOTE JULY 6

Senate Sets the Date to Take Final Action.

Washington, June 10.—A final vote will be taken on the proposition to exclude William H. Lorimer, of Illinois, from the senate before adjournment Saturday, July 6.

The pending resolution of exclusion must be taken up immediately after the routine business of that date. All proposed amendments are included in the compact.

If a date for the adjournment of congress is fixed prior to July 6, a unanimous consent agreement must be arranged providing for an earlier time for the final vote. It must not be later than the day preceding adjournment.

## Hog Lives 100 Days Without Food.

Mobile, Ala., June 10.—Pinned under the ruins of a church near Evergreen, Ala., which had been blown down on Feb. 21, a hog was found alive, and while weakened from the long imprisonment, was able to eat and drink. The animal was over 100 days without food and water and is perhaps a record for fasts.

## Garfield Under the Knife.

North Adams, Mass., June 10.—President Harry Garfield, of Williams college, was operated on in the Williams college infirmary for appendicitis. The operation was performed by Dr. Arthur E. Kitting, of Albany, and Dr. Vanderpool, of Williams town. His condition is encouraging in every way and the physicians look for a speedy recovery.

## W. H. DINKLE, GRADUATE OF OPTICS

will be at Penrose Myers' Jewelry Store, every Tuesday. Free examination of the eyes.

FOR SALE: a 22 acre farm, good buildings. S. D. Plank, Gettysburg Route 2.

## MRS. LAURA F. SCHENK

Freed at Last of Charge of Attempting to Poison Husband.



## MRS. SCHENK IS FREE

Court Discharges Her Because Prosecution Delayed Retrial.

Wheeling, W. Va., June 10.—Mrs. Laura Farnsworth Schenk, indicted and tried for attempting to poison her millionaire husband, John O. Schenk and held under bail for another trial when the jury disagreed, was released from the custody of the court.

Judge Louis Jordan upheld the contention of her attorneys that the district attorney had permitted three terms of court to pass without bringing her to trial.

## 48 VOTES GO TO TAFT COLUMN

Every Contest to Date Decided in His Favor.

Chicago, June 10.—Forty-eight was the total number of delegates to the Republican national convention turned into the Taft column by the national committee's decisions upon contests from Arkansas, Florida and Georgia.

The Roosevelt contestants lost every case. Ten of the Georgia district—twenty delegates—went to Taft in one blanket decision, both sides agreeing to their being decided upon the case arguments as had served in the case of the four delegates-at-large, which had just been given to Taft. The two remaining Georgia districts, with two apiece, went the same way.

With the twenty-four delegates—sixteen from Alabama and eight from Arkansas—placed on the temporary roll of the convention as the result of Friday's hearings, this work runs up the total of seventy-two added to the Taft list since the national committee convened last Thursday. The cases passed upon were those of:

Arkansas—Third, Fourth, Fifth and Seventh congressional districts, two delegates each, eight in all. The Sixth district was not contested. The delegates are listed as "uninstructed."

Florida—The six delegates-at-large and all three districts, the entire state representation, twelve in all.

Georgia—The four delegates-at-large and all the twelve congressional districts, each with its two delegates, twenty-eight in all.

This clears the docket for the taking up this week of the cases upon which the Roosevelt people are laying far more stress than upon those from the south, such cases, for example, as those from Indiana. There still remains, in alphabetical order before these, the cases of the six delegates-at-large from Arizona and of the Fourth congressional district of California.

It was a day of publicity for southern Republican organizations. Starting with the last three districts of Arkansas, the committee went through that state and Florida and Georgia, in which all the Taft delegates had been contested by Roosevelt. In each instance decision was reached after full hearings of the facts in the case, and in only one instance did the Roosevelt leaders ask for a full test of strength.

## POUR OIL ON MOTHER'S FIRE

Two Children Die, and Parrot Likely to, For Little Boys' Error.

Harrisburg, Pa., June 10.—Two children of Mrs. Ida Lavery are dead, and she is likely to die, as the result of an explosion following her son's action in pouring oil on the kitchen fire at their home in an effort to start it for breakfast.

The house was partially wrecked by the explosion and another son was painfully burned, as was Charles Scott, a policeman, who rescued the woman and children.

## Battered to Death on Shaft.

Mobile, Ala., June 10.—Charles H. Langford, Jr., a lumber manufacturer, while inspecting several cars of lumber in one of his mills near Battlesburg, Miss., slipped too near a shaft and was caught in the belting and his body battered almost to pieces. Every bone in the body was broken and the flesh beaten off. His death was an awful one.

## NOTICE

Letters of Administration on the Estate of William J. Bieseker, late of Franklin Township, Adams County, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the undersigned residing in Cashtown, Pa., all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them for settlement, to G. Washington Bieseker, Administrator of William Bieseker, Attorney.

## FIND MISSING MEN ON ISLAND

Leaped Into Delaware Bay From Burning Motor Boat.

WERE GIVEN UP FOR DEAD

Two Life Savers Struggled Desperately in Water to Reach Island Two Miles Away.

Bayside, N. J., June 10.—Exhausted and nearly famished, and telling a story of a marvelous escape from death, D. P. Hoover, of Camden, and George L. Delker, of Collingswood, N. J., the two Wildwood life guards who were reported as being drowned below Bayside, were picked up on Kent island in Delaware bay, which they had reached after a two-mile swim when their motorboat caught fire and blew up.

Relatives who mourned the men at dead and were preparing to conduct funeral services in case the bodies were recovered from the deep were frantic with joy when they heard the good news.

The pair left Camden last Friday night in Hoover's twenty-five-foot motorboat, bound for Wildwood, where they were to go on duty.

The boat suddenly caught fire and the men barely had time to leap overboard with their clothes on when the craft blew up.

Hampered by their heavy shoes and clothing, the guards made a desperate effort to reach the shore, a mile away, but the wind and tide were against them, and they were swept toward Kent island. For a time they entertained little hopes of reaching the island. First one and then the other would become exhausted. Each took turns at keeping the other afloat. Once Delker said in despair:

"It's no use, Hoover, old man, I can't keep up any longer. I am tired to death."

He was sinking when Hoover grabbed him by the hair and dragged him to the surface. He beat his friend vigorously about the arms and shoulders to restore warmth to his chilled blood.

Soon after this Hoover succumbed to the chill of the water and sank without a word. Then it was Delker's turn to act the part of friend and rescuer.

Then they saw the island close at hand. But a swift current raced around both sides of the little piece of land. Exerting every ounce of their remaining strength, they battled with the undertow until they felt their feet strike against the bottom. Then they staggered to the shore and fell exhausted on the beach.

They passed the night on the beach, but could not make their cries for help heard.

At last, in the late afternoon, the occupants of a motorboat observed a man standing on a rock and waving his undershirt. It was Hoover. Delker was lying on the beach, too weak to stand. Both men had to be assisted into the boat of their rescuers. They are confined to their beds, recuperating from their experience.

Hoover's motorboat was a complete wreck.

## FEDERALS CLAIM VICTORY

Say They Have Routed the Rebels at Nazaz, Near Torreon.

El Paso, Tex., June 10.—Mexican Consul Lorente received word that the rebel forces of Generals Campa and Argumendo were routed at Nazaz, fifty miles east of Torreon, by General Planquet and 1500 federal cavalry, who say they have the last remnant of the rebels surrounded.

Gonzalez C. Enrile, former right-hand man of General Orozco and financial agent of the Mexican revolution, was arrested in El Paso by a Texas ranger and was held to await extradition to Mexico.

## Largest Single Wool Sale.

Billings, Mont., June 10.—What is said by wool buyers to be the largest clip of wool ever sold in the west at one time was disposed of here by a local sheep company to Chicago dealers. The clip was 3,500,000 pounds and was the product of 400,000 sheep. The price per pound was not made public, but it is said the consignments brought close to \$25.00.

## Portrait of Famous Artist Stolen.

New York, June 10.—A miniature portrait of Professor John B. Whitaker, the veteran head of the art department of Adelphi college, in Brooklyn, was stolen from the gallery where it had been placed at the annual exhibition of the work of the art students.

## Bolt Kills Blooded Cows.

York, Pa., June 10.—A bolt of lightning during a thunder storm struck a tree under which three cows had sought shelter on the farm of Clarence Gilbert, near Yorkana, killing them instantly. The animals were thoroughbreds, highly valued.

## Garden Exercise Kills Him.

Williamsport, Pa., June 10.—Robert Clemen, of Trout Run, aged seventy-six years, fell dead in his garden, where he was at work. The violent exercise is believed to have caused an attack of heart failure.

## NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that application for the transfer of the tavern license of J. A. Ring, of First Ward, Gettysburg, for the year ending January 24, 1913, to the Hotel Gettysburg Company has been filed in my Office and will be presented to the Court on Monday, June 17, 1912, when said transfer will be made unless exception are filed prior thereto.

WILLIAM E. OLINGER,  
Clerk Q. S.

## UNIQUE POSITION OF CLEVELAND PLAYER



Neal Ball, Naps' Great Utility Player.

Neal Ball stands in a rather peculiar position on the Cleveland club. No one reckons that he has a chance to become a regular in the immediate future. The only thing that may bring that title to him is an injury to Nap Lajoie or a shift of Larry from second to first.

But every one reckons Neal a regular member of the club just as they do Larry, Gregg and Olson.

Neal isn't fighting for a job. He is a star utility man. Before the going sounds announcing the opening of the campaign he can rest assured that his name will remain on the roster, no matter who else departs.

It is doubtful if there has ever been a parallel to his case in the history of baseball. A utility role is a hazardous one at its best.

Forced to rest upon the bench during the greater part of a season, then suddenly called upon to jump into a breach during the heat of a race, asked perhaps, to fill the shoes of a man who has been playing brilliantly, the

fans invariably demand that the utility player deliver the same high-class article as the man who preceded him. It's an injustice to expect a man, virtually out of practice, to do so. The utility player who can do so is one of the rarest finds in baseball. By the same token he is almost invaluable.

That's just what makes Neal Ball a great player for the Cleveland club. The folks around the circuit are still talking about his performance last year. There was not a better fielding second baseman in the league. A huge number of the critics and players believe that Neal was the greatest fielding second baseman of 1911.

Neal is undoubtedly one of the most popular players with his teammates that the club has ever had. It is doubtful if anyone ever heard a Cleveland player criticize the "triple play hero." He's everyone's friend. He's a conscientious athlete. On the field he gives the club everything he possesses. Off the field he takes perfect care of himself.

## PIRATES' HOODOO IS SOLVED

Pittsburg Team Find Long-Wanted First Baseman in "Dots" Miller—Has Hard Job Ahead.

The Pittsburg team of the National league claims to have found its long looked-for first baseman in "Dots" Miller, the Kearney, N. J., boy, who has been shifted from second base to first. The Pirates have searched diligently for a first baseman ever since they traded Kitty Bransfield to the Phillies in the spring of 1905. In the last seven years the Smoky City aggregation has tried out first sackers by the wholesale, but never succeeded in landing a high class man. Among the men tried were Del Howard, Nealon, Flynn, Swacina, Gill, Abstein, Sharpe, Hunter, Keating and McKelnie, but none of them suited Fred Clarke or the Pittsburg fans.

Last spring and through all of 1910 the Pittsburg scribes were singing

asking themselves whether Miller also will prove to be a fizzle at first base. "Dots" has a hard job ahead of him as there seems to be a hoodoo to the position on the Pittsburg team. It is even intimated in Pittsburg that Hans Wagner would rather not tackle the place, as he believes he might succumb to the hoodoo and lose his batting eye or his fielding ability.

## NOTES of the DIAMOND

The St. Louis Browns send Pitcher Hawk back to Burlington. Birmingham has released Charles Bell, a recruit, to Chillicothe, O.

The veteran Happy Jim Crandie will play the outfield with Oshkosh. Stah, Davis, Callahan and Griffith, all in new berths, are making good with a rush.

St. Paul has sold its giant catcher, Hub Dawson, to the Beaumont club of the Texas league.

Joe Ralby, last season manager of the Zanesville team, has been given his unconditional release.

Charles B. Smith will manage the New Castle team of the Ohio-Pennsylvania league for Owner Leist.

Veteran Jack Warner says Amos Rusie had more puzzling curves and better control than Rube Marquard.

Manager Wallace of the Browns has sent a recruit first baseman named Miller to Lowell, along with Wolfgang and Magee.

"If you can show me a better outfield than Carey, Donlin and Wilson, I'll buy," says Fred Clarke, the Pirates' manager.

Clark Griffith has his eye on Tal Pendleton, the brilliant football player and speedy shortstop of the Princeton baseball team.

"If St. Louis could buy Lajoie for \$10,000 he would more than earn the purchase price back for them in ten days," says Hughie Jennings.

President Comiskey, of the White Sox, has promised his team a training trip to California in the spring of 1913, the year of the Panama exposition.

Big Bill James, the Cleveland pitcher, has the biggest hand of any player in the major league. A baseball look like a pea in the giant's hand.

## "Dots" Miller.

the praises of Fred Hunter, said to be by far the greatest first sacker that ever performed in the American association. Fred lasted half the season, when he was shunted to the side lines, and was released before the season was over.

Followers of the Pirates now are

## Their Degree.

"How near of kin are those relatives of your wife's who are stopping with you?" "I don't know exactly, but I would certainly like to be able to say they are cousins once removed."

## Pitting Temper.

"What makes the dressmaker's assistant look so furious?" "She has to take out all the stitches she puts in the dress, and she's ripping mad."

## The Robin.

The early robin gets in line To raise our spirits that have sunk, As a musician he is fine, But as a weather prophet—punk!

## A Little Awkward.

Miss Gushy (entering a full tram-car as Jorkins prepares to rise)—Oh, don't get up—don't get up! Please keep your seat! Jorkins (slightly bewildered)—Like to oblige you, madam, but I get out at this street.



## RECORDED QUEER BET

LOSER PAID GUINEA A DAY FOR THREE YEARS.

Made Wager with Clergyman Based on Expectation of Napoleon's Death and Finally Was Released From It by a Jury.

"One of the most curious bets I ever heard of was made in England a hundred years ago," said Angus McGregor, an attorney of Edinburgh, Scotland, at the Belvedere.

"The wager was between a knight, who was also a member of parliament, and a clergyman, for in that day it was not considered scandalous for dominies to put up their money on sporting propositions. It is but fair to the preacher, however, to say that the other man did the bantering, and this was the knight's singular offer: That if anyone of a crowd present would put up 100 guineas (something over \$500) he would give to such person one guinea a day during the remainder of the lifetime of Napoleon Bonaparte.

"In making such an extraordinary offer he evidently thought the great Corsican had but a few days to live. Before the others in the company could recover from the shock of the strange proposal, the clergyman shouted out that he would accept the terms and then there the wager or deal was consummated, there being witnesses to the act of the minister in putting 100 guineas into the challenger's hands.

"A splendid bet it was for the reverend gentleman, but a miserably poor one for the other, who had to surrender a guinea every day and this he continued to do for the better part of three years. Along toward the close of 1814 the knight wearied of his losing game. As you American say, he began to have cold feet. At first he tried to beg off, but the person would not listen to his entreaties. A bet was a bet he contended, and the fact that he was ahead to the tune of some 900 guineas made him not in the least compassionate. Boney might live a good while longer and that daily revenue was very sweet.

"As a last resort the knight refused to pay any longer, and the person brought suit before a judge. Eloquent and learned counsel spoke on both sides, but it must have been that the advocate for the defendant knight produced the most convincing argument in telling the jury why his client should not be made to pay any longer.

"In the first place," said the lawyer, his client had not in the beginning made the bet seriously; it was a sort of jocular proposal, but once being made the proponent was too lame to back out. Secondly, it was contrary to public policy to give legal sanction to such a bet. Napoleon was Britain's most dreaded foe and for a British subject to have a procuring interest in prolonging the enemy's life was a horrid and untenable thought. The jury took the same view and freed the knight from further payments."—Baltimore American.

### The Sliding Seat.

A sliding stroke was adopted by English oarsmen long before movable seats, but upon what the Americans called the "buckskin and butter" plan. Newcastle scullers used to slide on a long, highly polished thwart by the free use of grease or soap, their rowing trousers being strapped at the seat with wash leather. This device was introduced to the Thames by Robert Chambers when he sculled a match with Harry Kelly in 1865, and was used by the Tyne crew when they rowed St. John, New Brunswick, in 1870. In 1871 the Tyne crew, who had gained a knowledge of the movable seat during their visit to America, used sliding seats at Newcastle; and they were fitted to the coxswain's club boat the Atlanta crew, of New York, in 1872. After the success of the new arrangement at Henley, sliding seats were adopted by both universities for the varsity boat race of 1873.

### GENERAL MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA — FLOUR firm; winter clear, \$4.75@5; city mills fancy, \$6.15@6.40.  
RICE FLOUR quiet; per barrel, \$4.50 @ 5.  
WHEAT firm; No. 2 red, \$1.13@1.15; No. 2 yellow, 86 1/2 @ 87.  
OATS firm; No. 2 white, 60 1/2 @ 61; lower grades, 59c.  
POULTRY: L. steady; hens, 14c.; old roosters, 10c.; dressed fowls, choice fowls, 15 1/2c.; old roosters, 12c.  
BUTTER quiet; creamery, fancy, 30c. per lb.  
EGGS steady; selected, 24 @ 25c.; nearby, 23c.; western, 23c.  
POTATOES steady; new, \$1.75 @ 1.80 per barrel.

Live Stock Markets.  
PITTSBURGH (Union Stock Yards) — CATTLE steady; choice, \$8.50 @ 8.85; prime, \$8.00 @ 8.40.  
SHEEP slow; prime wethers, \$4.80 @ 5; culls and common, \$1.50 @ 3; veal calves, \$9.75; lambs, \$10.75.  
HOGS strong; prime heavies, \$7.75 @ 7.80; mediums and heavy Yorkers, \$7.70 @ 7.75; light Yorkers, \$7.15 @ 7.35; pigs, \$6.50 @ 6.90; roughs, \$6.50 @ 7.

## Wool

We want sheep wool for the city market.

Will pay highest cash price, Deliver at stable corner

York and Stratton Streets.

## Spaulding and Bream

WANTED: carpenters and laborers. Apply to Wm. H. Johns



### LINCOLN DURING CIVIL WAR

Youngster Thought Martyr President the Most Ungainly Man He Had Ever Beheld.

Thomas W. Lloyd of Pennsylvania tells the following stories about Lincoln and the children:

At the beginning of the war I was a mere lad. Like all other boys at that time I was fired with patriotic spirit and went about the village streets making speeches and urging every man to enlist. I did not then know what the war meant, but I knew our side. My enthusiasm was so great that any appearance on the street was a signal to get me up on a store goods box to make a speech. My teacher related this to Lincoln and asked permission to bring me to the White House. This was granted, and one morning we drove there and were received by the president alone. As he rose to greet us I thought he was the longest, ugliest and most ungainly man I had ever seen. When I was presented to him he leaned down, and taking me by the hand said: "So this is the little patriot? Ah, Mr. Lloyd, in these times the boy is indeed father to the man. I wish all the men in the north had his spirit." He took me on his knee and talked to me about the war, and the ugliness was forgotten. As I looked into his deep set, kindly eyes, the firm mouth, around which a smile hovered, and listened to his gentle voice I began to think he was positively handsome.

Mr. Lloyd also tells the following incident, illustrating Lincoln's kindness of heart:

A young boy who had served with distinction in a naval engagement on board the gunboat Ottawa and in another as captain's messenger was recommended to a cadetship at the naval academy at Annapolis. Lincoln was glad to make the appointment, and the lad was directed to report for examination in July. Just before starting from home it was discovered that the boy could not be admitted, being under fourteen, the required age—his birthday not occurring until the September following. The boy was bitterly disappointed and feared he would not be able to go at all. He was told he would be taken to see the president, who would make it all right. Some time afterward he was taken to the White House and presented to the president, to whom he made a graceful bow. The difficulty was explained and the president said:

"Why, bless me, is that the boy who aided so gallantly in those two battles? Why, I feel as though I should take off my hat to him and not he to me." The president took the papers and issued an order that the boy should report in September instead of in July. Then putting his hand on the lad's shoulder, he said: "Now, my boy, go home and have good fun during these two months, for they are about the last holiday you will get." The little fellow bowed himself out, feeling that the president, though a great man, was at the same time a kindly one.

His Proof.  
A guard was trying to disprove the charge of being drunk which was lodged against him by the provost marshal. That functionary called another guard, and asked his reason for making the accusation. He said:

"Well, I saw him run into a lamp post. He backed away, replaced his hat on his head and started forward unsteadily again, but once more ran into the post. Three or four times he tried to get past the post, and having failed after the last attempt, he backed off and fell to the sidewalk. Clutching his head in his hands, he muttered: 'Losh! losh! in an impenetrable forest.'"

Wasted Energy.

A corporal of a Michigan regiment was trying to explain a certain maneuver to a comrade whom he thought was just thick-headed. After a time he yelled angrily: "Why, it's as plain as A, B, C."

"That may all be so," said the comrade, catching the last sentence, "but I'm DEF."

Smart Neck Bows.

It is far better to buy one or two smart neck bows and buckles than to try to make them and turn out an article which is palpably home made. The trouble with the average woman's neckwear is that she does not choose it for its becomingness but because it looks pretty in the shop window.

Certainly with a little taste and judgment applied to one's buying there is no need of having inappropriate or unbecoming things.

## MOHAMMED ALI.

Brother of the Khedive on a Visit to the United States.



## DEMOCRATS PREPARE FOR CONVENTION

Chairman and Secretary Conferred in New York.

New York, June 10.—Plans for the Democratic convention at Baltimore will be completed at a conference between Norman E. Mark, the national chairman, and Urey Woodson, secretary of the democratic committee and national committeeman from Kentucky, in this city today.

Mr. Woodson said that he expected very little trouble over contested seats at Baltimore. No contests have been filed except by Democrats from Alaska, Porto Rico, the District of Columbia and the Philippines. In addition there may be a fuss over the Chicago delegation. Mr. Woodson said he had unofficial information that the Carter Harrison wing of the party was scheming to unseat Roger Sullivan's delegates from Cook county.

The first delegates that Alaska has ever sent to a Democratic national convention came to New York on the way to Baltimore. He is Colonel A. J. Daley, national committeeman from the territory. There will be three women delegates from Colorado and two from Idaho in the convention.

Secretary Woodson said that the convention hall in Baltimore will seat 15,000 persons. Newspaper men would find, he said, that arrangements for reporting the convention are near perfection than any previous national convention of either party has yet attained.

### SHOT MAN WHO ANNOYED HER

Woman Says She Acted in Defense of Her Home.

Shamokin, Pa., June 10.—Mrs. Maggie Peppers, twenty-five years old, and the mother of four children, sent a bullet into the back of John Ramp, thirty-five years old, an insurance agent and married man, at her home here.

The victim staggered from the woman's house and fell unconscious to the sidewalk. He was rushed to a hospital. When several men reached the scene Mrs. Pepper was standing over the victim and would have sent another bullet into his body had it not been for timely interference. Mrs. Pepper gave the weapon to a neighbor, kissed her children and gave herself up to the police.

The woman alleges that Ramp has haunted her for several years, that she shot him once before, had him put under bonds to keep the peace, and that when he insisted upon entering her home she shot him in self-defense and the protection of her home.

Ramp is in a dying condition.

Held as Postal Looters.  
Baltimore, Md., June 10.—Two men, giving their names as A. P. Burger, of Portland, Me., and James Burket, of New York, were arrested here for passing bogus money orders drawn on the New York postoffice. The orders were for \$100 and \$50. When the men were searched three other orders were found, aggregating \$260, and they had \$900 in cash between them.

### WEATHER EVERYWHERE.

Observations of United States weather bureaus taken at 8 p. m. yesterday follow:

Albany.....	60	Clear.
Atlantic City..	65	Clear.
Boston.....	58	Clear.
Buffalo.....	62	Clear.
Chicago.....	64	Clear.
New Orleans...	72	Cloudy.
New York.....	64	Clear.
Philadelphia...	70	Clear.
St. Louis.....	68	Rain.
Washington...	66	P. Cloudy.

Weather Forecast.  
Fair today and tomorrow; northerly winds.

### A Better Test.

The man is lying in a seemingly lifeless condition. "I can find no pulse whatever," says the physician who has been summoned. "Bring a looking-glass. We will place it against his lips and see if his breath is still in him."

"Pardon me, doctor," suggests a bosom friend of the unfortunate man; "perhaps a wineglass would work better with him."—Judge's Library.

## BEAUTY STUNT KILLS VAIN CHEF

Fads of Man Who Sought to Resemble Women.

### ELECTRIC NEEDLE FATAL

He Had All the Foibles of the Fair Sex. Both as to Dress and His Tastes.

Pittsburgh, Pa., June 10.—Artificial methods utilized by him to improve his face and figure were responsible for the death of Charles Beab, French chef at the Union station restaurant of the Pennsylvania railroad here, when an electric needle in his breast, the victim of a beauty craze having been electrocuted.

The unusual death of the man is the basis of wide discussion in Pittsburgh, and everybody, including the deputy coroners who investigated the death, is puzzled as to whether the man took this unusual method of ending his life to secure notoriety, or he was going out was accidental.

The man's body when examined was found to be molded on the lines of a woman. He wore a long pair of white corsets, attached to and under the skirt of which there were heavy pads. The chef wore long silk stockings, which were connected with the corsets with the regulation hose supporters.

At a social function the night before Beab was one of the gayest and did not return home until about 1 o'clock. He almost instantly began preparing to retire and began his regular nightly beauty development stunt. After his face had been massaged with cold cream Beab began using an electric needle for his bust development.

He had attached the wire to an electroliner in the center of the room, and, standing before a mirror, began working the needle into his breast. He had frequently used the needle before, and just what caused the accident may never be known.

Occupants of other apartments heard a fall, and, hastening to the room, found Beab dead. A physician was summoned, and after examining the body stated that death was due to electrocution. His friends were shocked when they learned of the details and the conditions surrounding his death.

Although he was known as one of the most fastidious, they never suspected that he was such a slave to fashion's decrees or beauty quest. When the victim began his manipulations he had removed his shirt and thin vest, such as women wear, and threw a fine silk shawl over his shoulders. The trousers which he wore were of some light striped material woven for women's wear.

When the coroner was summoned and removed the body to the morgue pending an investigation a search was made of the apartments. In the left room attached to the apartment was found an extensive line of beauty notions, while in the victim's trunk and wardrobe were found numerous articles supposed to be for the exclusive use of women.

There were also found many photographs of members of the fair sex.

### MIDJES PUTS TO SEA

Six Warships Sail From Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Annapolis, Md., June 10.—Six warships with a detail of midshipmen from the naval academy who are to get practical instruction in sea service sailed from Annapolis Roads this morning.

Five of the vessels began a three months cruise that will include stops at most of the Atlantic ports. They are the old battleship Massachusetts with the members of the third class on board, and the Utah, North Dakota, Florida and Delaware.

The San Francisco took most of the midshipmen to Key West, there to join the ships of the third and fourth divisions of the Atlantic fleet, recently ordered to southern waters on account of the treacherous situation in Cuba.

Another detail will get away sometime between now and Saturday to join the ships of the second division at Hampton Roads. This division is maneuvering the German fleet in friendly visit to American waters.

### To Naturalize "Man Without a Flag."

Washington, June 10.—Eugene Prince, born in Russia, but a "man without a flag" would receive American citizenship by a bill favorably reported to the house. While Prince's father was an American, the state department contends the son is not a citizen or either the United States or Russia.

### Shot Dead For Jostling Man.

Yonkers, N. Y., June 10.—Joseph McMahon, a plumber, twenty years old, was shot dead in Ludlow street by R. John Nelstroy, a tailor, whom he jostled in the street. Nelstroy, who is fifty-three years old, is held without bail on a charge of murder in the first degree.

### Boy's Berry Appetite Dead.

York, Pa., June 10.—Turned loose in a strawberry patch, Maurice Hull, a Hanover, Pa., ate so much of the delicious fruit that he is in the York hospital in a critical condition.

### A Quitter.

He lost his hold and heaved a sigh: If truth were told, He wouldn't try.

### In Honor of the Day.

Student—What's the meaning of these flowers?  
Landlady—Only a gentle reminder, sir. It's exactly a year today since you paid me your rent.—Fliegende Blätter.

## BASE BALL SCORES.

Following is the Result of Games Saturday and Sunday.

### AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Saturday's Games.  
At St. Louis—St. Louis, 2; Athletics, 1.  
Batteries—Powell, Stephens; Morrell, Ladd.  
At Chicago—Washington, 7; Chicago, 1.  
Batteries—Johnson, Alms; White, Block, Meyers.  
At Cleveland—Cleveland, 1; New York, 0.  
Batteries—Kahler, Easterly; Warhop, Sweeney.  
At Detroit—Boston, 8; Detroit, 3.  
Batteries—Wood, Numanaker; Works, Stange.

### Sunday's Games.

At Cleveland—Athletics, 13; Cleveland, 2.  
Batteries—Coombs, Egan; Gregg, George, O'Neill.  
At Chicago—Chicago, 2; New York, 1.  
Batteries—Mogridge, Block; Fissar, Sweeney.  
At Detroit—Washington, 4; Detroit, 3.  
Batteries—Musser, Hughes, Henry; Willets, Onslow.  
At St. Louis—Boston, 9; St. Louis, 2.  
Batteries—Bedient, Carigan; Mitchell, Stephens.

### Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.
Chicago, 31 18 633	Cleveland, 22 22 511
Boston, 29 18 617	Detroit, 25 24 510
Washington, 27 21 563	New York, 14 29 327
Athletics, 22 29 524	St. Louis, 14 33 296

### NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Saturday's Games.

At Philadelphia—St. Louis, 6; Philadelphia, 5.  
Batteries—Willis, Cey; Wingo, Alexander, Doolin.  
At Brooklyn—Chicago, 10; Brooklyn, 2.  
Batteries—Cheney, Archer, Barger, Miller.  
At Boston—Pittsburgh, 3; Boston, 1.  
Batteries—O'Toole, Kelly; Tyler, Gowdy.  
At New York—New York, 6; Cincinnati, 2.  
Batteries—Margard, Meyer; Fromme, Beaton, McLean.  
No Sunday games scheduled.

### Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.
N. York, 34 7 823	St. Louis, 22 26 45
Chicago, 24 18 571	Philada., 17 22 43
Cincinnati, 26 20 565	Brooklyn, 13 27 323
Pittsburgh, 22 19 537	Boston, 13 32 28

### TRI-STATE LEAGUE.

Saturday's Games.

At Trenton—Lancaster, 8; Trenton, 6.  
Batteries—Coveleskie, Chayste, Remmer; Girard, Mitchell.  
At Wilmington—Wilmington, 4; Allentown, 2.  
Batteries—Samson, Kerr; Sherry, Philby.  
At Altoona—York, 12; Altoona, 9.  
Batteries—Applegate, Gulp; Port, Horsey, Webster, Therie.  
At Johnstown—Harrisburg, 3; Johnstown, 1.  
Batteries—Vowinkle, Miller, Edwards, Keler.

### Standing of the Clubs.

W. L. P. C.	W. L. P. C.
Trenton, 21 11 555	Allentown, 15 15 30
Harrisburg, 18 13 581	Wilmington, 12 18 44
Lancaster, 15 14 517	York, 13 19 40
Johnstown, 15 15 500	Altoona, 12 19 38

## LAUNCH CAPSIZES, 13 GO OVERBOARD

Craft Caught in Eddy at New Castle, Del.

New Castle, Del., June 10.—Thirteen persons were thrown into the waters of the Delaware river off this city when the launch Leo, of the West End Yachting club, of Chester, Pa., overturned.

All on board the craft were rescued by persons from New Castle, while the launch and its trappings were gathered in and towed to a dock. Later the launch was pumped out and carried part of the rescued party back to Chester. Others returned on the trolleys.

The launch came along the river with eleven men sitting on top of the cabin. As the boat neared New Castle it was caught in the strong eddy. A strong gust of wind swept over the river at the moment and carried the launch over. The only persons inside the cabin were Thomas Griffith, who was acting as pilot, and John Polz engineer, Michael Fromal, owner of the boat, was also aboard.

More than 100 persons along the river front saw the accident. Several men in a bateau went to the rescue. After picking up the men they made a line fast to the overturned launch and towed it in.

While the rescued were drying their clothes in a nearby cabin persons from New Castle righted the overturned boat and pumped out the water. None of the men suffered beyond a wetting.

### JUMPS IN FRONT OF TRAIN

Man Commits Suicide By Stepping In Front of Fast Freight.

Lewistown, Pa., June 10.—An unidentified man committed suicide by stepping in front of a fast freight train in the Lewistown Narrows.

The train crew saw the man emerge from the bushes and run towards the pilot of the engine, but did not think his purpose was to commit suicide, and no effort was made to stop the train.

A slip of paper with G. D. O. Brinn, Rockford, Ill. on it was found in the man's pocket. The man was about thirty-three years old, tall and slim.

### Heads U. S. Children's Bureau.

Washington, June 10.—Lewis Meriam, of Salem, Mass., has been appointed assistant chief of the recently organized children's bureau. Mr. Meriam, who has been a statistician in the census bureau since 1905, is a Harvard graduate.

### Ashes From Volcano Fall at Sitka.

Sitka, Alaska, June 10.—Ashes from the Aleutian Range volcanoes have started to fall here. The sunshine is obscured through the clouds. Sitka is 700 miles in a direct line from the volcanoes.

## M. THOMPSON DILL.

### DENTIST

Biglerville Penn.

All branches of the profession given careful attention. United Telephone.

FOR SALE Packard 80 touring car, in fine condition. Complete equipment. Address Times office.

## --WHIPS FREE--

\$1.00 Raw Hide Whip Free with every set of Harness purchased from us this month.

We have several bargains.

We have a few BUGGIES

we will sell at cost.

## ADAMS COUNTY HARDWARE CO.

## French Draft Stallion "John Stevens"

### DESCRIPTION

This fine young stallion is sired by the French pure bred Draft Stallion "Steve." Foaled in 1907, stands 16 hands high and weighs 1600 pounds. This horse has averaged 50 per cent as a foal getter, and is a fine boned well built stallion.

### TERMS

Will stand at stable of Addison Leer, in Straban township, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, Thursday and Friday and at Fuhman's Stock Yards in Gettysburg, Saturday, beginning April 7. Service fee \$8.00, to be paid when mare is known to be with foal; \$10.00 to insure foal standing, notes to be given for same. Service to old or inferior mares will be refused.

John Stevens has been duly registered with the State Live Stock Sanitary Board, under License No. 583 as Pennsylvania Grade Stallion.

Straban Township Horse Co., Limited Owners

ADDISON LEER, Manager.

Is it Wise

to spend your money for paint that is only part paint and part Linseed Oil, for which mark you, you pay full Paint price, when for the same amount you can buy

DAVIS' 2-4-1 PAINT

Kill the Bugs

Increase your Profit

It is just as important to spray your vegetables as it is to cultivate them. Spraying will effectively control troublesome insects and fungus diseases, increasing your yield and the quality. Spray them with Sherwin-Williams Insecticides and Fungicides.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS NEW PROCESS ARSENATE OF LEAD not only kills leaf-eating insects, such as: The potato bug, squash bug and tomato worm, but insures a strong, healthy plant growth as well. It contains arsenic and lead so thoroughly neutralized that there is practically no danger of burning the most delicate foliage. S-W Arsenate of Lead adheres to the foliage indefinitely, making it an economical insecticide.

Gettysburg Department Store

Prices at the Gettysburg warehouse—corrected daily by C. Milton Wolf, Jr., Successor to J. Geo. Wolf's Sons, Co.

Per Bu

New Dry Wheat.....\$1.12

Ear Corn......80

Rye......80

New Oats......55

RETAIL PRICES



## Britz of Headquarters

By  
Marcin Barber  
Y

ILLUSTRATIONS BY  
RAY WALTERS

Copyright, 1916, by Moffat, Yard & Company

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### Hot on the Scent.

Britz bounded into the inner room and made a quick examination of every window. He found marks on one of the casements that told his practiced eye entry to the apartment had been made through the window by some one skilled in daring burglary. It gave on the fire escape. Britz flung up the sash and looked out. As he expected, there was a long string of ladders and balconies that ended one story above the street. The fire escape was at the least frequented end of the big hotel, and an awning threw a shadow from an arc lamp on the globe big enough to afford opportunity for an agile man to mount on the shoulders of comrades, grasp the second-story window and swing himself up unseen. He let his eyes fall on the balcony one story below the window. On it lay something yellow, crumpled as if dropped inadvertently. Britz ran down the ladder and returned to the room with the object. It was an Oriental handkerchief such as he had seen in the Swami's possession.

It was perfectly plain to Britz that the Hindoos had been before him in recovering the Missioner's jewels. By this time he knew enough to be certain that their object in getting possession of the gems was even stronger than the professional price that had actuated him to recover them for their owner. He was aware they had a reason yet to be explained why they were in such a desperate hurry to take the stones of the necklace, or at least one of them—the Maharane—to India. Even now they might be aboard a vessel that would put to sea in a few hours, leaving no trace of their departure. Or, it might be they were beyond the city limits on their way to another port of exit. He must stop them at all hazards. He leaped to the telephone, called Police Headquarters, got Manning on the wire, and asked the Chief to give personal attention to the request he was about to make.

"Notify all precincts," said Britz, "to stop every man of Oriental appearance attempting to leave the city by boat or train. Have all the ferries watched, and send a double detail to the Grand Central Station. Telephone the Associated Press for a list of the vessels about to sail today; have the water front watched for tramp steamers, and don't forget the small craft, both sail and steam."

"Have you found the jewels?" asked Manning, at the other end of the wire.

"Not!" roared Britz, "but I will have them in a few hours. If you'll make the bunch hustle to help me. Will you attend to all this yourself, Chief?"

Britz found Doctor Fitch waiting for him on the sidewalk, as he had arranged before entering the apartment of Mrs. Delaroché in the guise of a burglar, and in a single word told the physician how he had been talked in the chief object of his nocturnal visit.

"Quick! the word now, doc!" said Britz.

"Where are you going?" asked Fitch.

"To head off the Hindoos," cried Britz. "Let's get a cab." But the last taxicab on the Renaissance stand had been chartered an hour before by a swarthy man who seemed to be in great haste. That much Britz learned from the inspection in charge of the stand. Britz and Fitch rounded the corner of the hotel. Close to the curb stood a private coupe. The coachman doubtless on a long wait, was nodding sleepily. Britz jerked open a door of the carriage.

"Jump in, quick!" he cried, and Fitch, who long ago had learned to carry out Britz's suggestions without stopping to ask questions, sprang into the cab. Britz slammed the door with a violence that awoke the coachman. Before the driver could utter a word of protest the athletic detective reached the box beside him in a single leap, pushed him off with a shove that landed the amazed Jehu on his hands and knees on the sidewalk, seized the reins, snatched the whip, and put the horse to a gallop. As he sped away, he hastily changed the whip to the hand that held the ribbons, and, whipping from his pocket a card that read, "Detective-Leutenant Britz, Police Headquarters," he flung it at the prostrate coachman with the words: "Call there tomorrow for your rig."

Then, with the horse straining at the traces in indignant surprise, Britz drove at breakneck speed down the avenue, turning sharply at the first convenient corner and heading east toward the mysterious brownstone dwelling wherein he had held his interesting interview in regard to the ways of the Orient with the Eastern sage.

The galloping horse and the swaying carriage shook the echoes of the silent streets, and at several avenue crossings traffic policemen started to halt the Central Office man. But in each instance the detective shouted: "I'm Britz, of Headquarters!" and that averted interruption as he dashed on toward the Swami's house at top speed. Arriving there, he hastily handed the ribbons to a patrolman who chanced to be at that end of the beat, and, followed closely by Fitch, he ran up the steps and pushed the button of the electric bell. Inside the house, the burr-r of the little gong sounded piercingly. Britz and Fitch

stood impatiently at the outer door of the vestibule for responsive steps, but none came. Then the detective recalled the thickness of the rugs and carpets in the house, and did not at once conclude no one was within. Until he had rung the bell several times in vain he did not accept the fact that the house either was untenanted, or was occupied by persons who did not see fit to answer. A word to the bluecoat on the sidewalk, accompanied by a flash of a shield on the detective's waistcoat, had told him the visit was a matter of police business. Then Britz ran down the steps and tried the basement door. The detective was equally unsuccessful in his demands to obtain a response to his ring of the lower bell. He ran up the steps again and once more pushed the button of the electric call. No answer came. Britz turned the handle of the door. To his astonishment, it turned freely, and at a gentle push the door swung inward. The inner door of the vestibule was ajar. Britz and Fitch entered cautiously. Their feet fell silently on the heavy Oriental rug. They found themselves in complete darkness. The glimmer from the street lamp did not penetrate more than a foot or two beyond the inner door. Britz whisked out his electric torch and turned its miniature spotlight on the passage and on the area leading to the upper part of the house.

"Hello!" he called. "Is anybody in?" Silence as heavy and oppressive as the darkness beyond the radiance of his little pocket lamp answered him again. The two men, the detective slightly in advance, walked quickly along the hall to the door at the rear where Britz parted the portieres and looked into the big room in which he had interviewed the Eastern scholar. Its appearance was much the same as it had been on his preceding visit, save that as his practiced eye dwelt more persistently upon it, he noted the disappearance of many small articles, particularly a porphyry Buddha that had sat within a little shrine upon the wall. The apartment had the seeming of having been subjected to a surface stripping by persons about to leave it in a hurry. Few of the solemn books that had been scattered about the room remained. Among the Oriental objects still in the room was the wicker chair from which the sage was fond of drawing a smoker's consolation.

"Gone, eh?" said Fitch, in an undertone.

Britz nodded.

"Think we had better look up stairs?" asked the doctor.

With another swift nod the detective turned on his heel and led the way from floor to floor until they reached the top of the house. They glanced into every room and explored the larger apartments thoroughly. All were empty. Here and there they found evidence of hasty packing. In various rooms were queer jumbles of the East and West—linen collars with single batline stripes of delicate tints lay beside Oriental scraps of manifest fineness. On one rack hung a derby hat, on another a turban like that worn by the Swami, and like the kerchief Britz had found on the fire escape of the Hotel Renaissance. One of the most interesting finds was a scimitar with a jeweled hilt and a blade of wonderful keenness. Britz drew it from its scabbard and was about to feel the edge when Fitch stopped him with a swift gesture.

"Don't touch it, Lieutenant," said the doctor. "One never knows what criminal tricks these beggars play with their weapons."

As the detective looked at him inquiringly, he added:

"A sword or dagger is as likely to be poisoned as not. In fact, they prefer poisons to straight fighting."

Convinced there was no one in the upper part of the house, the two men descended to the main floor and re-entered the reception room at the rear.

"This was their den," said Britz explanatorily, as he began a closer search of the room. "We may find a trace of them in some of their papers. It's worth a few minutes to make a hunt. Get busy, doc!" And the detective rummaged through drawer after drawer. Fitch following his example. They found many unusual articles, but nothing that gave an inkling of the direction of the Hindoos' flight—for it was certain the Orientals had departed hastily, having gained their object in getting possession of the Missioner's necklace. Britz had no smallest doubt the Easterners had anticipated him in the burglary of Mrs. Delaroché's apartments. He did not believe any of the low-caste Hindoos would have been skillful enough to get into the woman's rooms, so near the top of the building. In his opinion, the gems had been fished from Millicent's pillow by either the Swami or the Prince.

It was typical of the clever cunning of the high-caste Orientals to take only the jewels and leave the casket under the pillow, so that Mrs. Delaroché should not miss the stones until the last moment possible. They must have picked the lock.

Britz had ended his exploration of the last table drawer, and was turning to a lacquered chest, when Fitch, with a cry of unmistakable alarm, gripped his wrist and dragged him toward the divan, and with a bound stood upon its yielding surface.

"Jump up, quick!" said the doctor, plucking at the detective's arm as he spoke.

Britz had experienced too many emergencies in his career to waste time in questions. When anyone of whose friendliness he felt sure told him to jump, run, or duck, obedience to the command was his first instinct—time enough for explanation afterward. He leaped to the springy sofa

They were in grave peril, and though the tall chest of drawers made slippery climbing, he was beside the doctor with marvelous quickness. When both were safely on the top of the chiffonier, Fitch lowered the divan with a powerful shove sent the divan a yard or more away. Then he drew his feet to the top of their perch, and bade Britz do the same. That done, Fitch mopped his brow with a handkerchief, which, crisp one instant, was limp the next.

"Pretty close call," he said, when speech was restored to him.

"What is it?" asked Britz.

"Well, only the most dangerous thing infinite wisdom has seen fit to place in that wonderland of the East."

"Snake!" asked the detective.

"Snake!" cried Fitch. "That's not the word, man. It is the most poisonous serpent known to scientists—the terrible cobra di capello, of Hindoostan. A single touch of its fangs is the beginning of the end—the way to a swift finish."

"Hurt much?" asked the detective, coolly.

"It is said to be the most frightful torture man can experience—death by a cobra's poison. Science has not yet



"Hurt Much?" Asked the Detective Coolly.

found an antidote. If a rattler bites you, you may save your life with whisky if you get it soon enough. When a cobra sets his teeth in you, you don't have time to drink the whisky, even if the glass is at your lips, and nobody knows whether it would do any good if you had time to drink it."

A long low whistle was the detective's only expression of his appreciation of the doctor's lore. His study of Oriental lore did not acquaint him with the characteristics of the cobra. But the doctor was a scientist, and Britz was willing to take the information on trust. It was a situation in which he felt he could afford to dispense with experimental knowledge.

The thick, beautifully rounded snake, ashen in color and sinuous of movement, apparently was not alarmed by the scramble of the doctor and the detective to the top of the chiffonier, nor even by the swing of the divan under the vigorous push of Fitch's foot. It lowered the head it had lifted a few inches from the floor, and continued its passage across the room; but a short, dry laugh from the sleuth evidently angered it more than any louder noises.

It stopped midway of the room, turning its head once more toward the men on their narrow perch. An involuntary shiver ran through Fitch, and even Britz felt a little uncomfortable under the serpent's glittering gaze. The creature coiled itself in the center of the floor, its head lifted, and those beady eyes twinkling furiously. Then began a motion of the head like that of a waterspout to a point at least knee-high of a tall man. The head bent forward slightly, and the neck on both sides distended slowly until the loose flesh formed a sort of hood behind and slightly above both sides of the narrow, wicked forehead of the serpent.

"Look!" cried Fitch. "That is the unmistakable sign of a cobra, the deadly hooded snake of India. It is like no other member of the serpent family. When you see that hood commence to come out—don't wait to see the rest."

"About how long do you think it will stay there, doctor?" asked the detective.

"Until it either gets us or forgets us," answered the physician. "The distention of the skin about the neck in that way means that the beast is angry. Once it is thoroughly aroused, it never gives up until it strikes its victim, or is killed—unless something more startling happens to distract its attention."

"Rather looks as if we were trapped," Britz said.

"Somewhat," rejoined Fitch. "We're here to stay unless that reptile goes."

"Can we kill it, do you think?" asked the detective.

"We might if we had a machine gun—have you got a pistol?"

"I brought one into the room," answered Britz, feeling in his pockets, "but I laid it on that table when I was going through those drawers. Pretty careless, eh?"

Fitch nodded. He was racking his wits for some means of escape which meant, so far as he could see, a method of killing the snake. It seemed useless to expect help from outside the house. The door between the hall and the room in which they were was closed, and before it hung portieres heavy enough to muffle their loudest shouts. Their only probable chance of relief lay in the hope that the bluecoat would become sufficiently anxious at their failure to return and would enter the house in quest of them.

Even in that rather remote contingency, however, it was far from certain they could warn him before the cobra could glide across the room and strike him to death. No, they were thrown utterly upon their own resources. Britz agreed with the doctor on that point, as in low tones, so that they might not further inflame the serpent, they discussed their situation.

"Guess there's nothing accidental about this little sunshine being in the room," said Britz musingly. "Those Oriental strong-armers probably figured it out that one or both of us would come here, and so they arranged this pleasing little surprise party."

think it is worthy a place in the society columns as one of the successes of the season."

He made light of the danger because that was his way when he was in a particularly tight place; but he realized the peril by this time as fully as did the doctor. There was nothing humorous in the fact that all the time they were held prisoners atop the chiffonier by the gray death before them, the Hindoos were doubtless making the most of the time thus gained for escape. True, he had asked that all the ordinary avenues of escape from the city be watched, and although he took it for granted Chief Manning would carry out the request conscientiously, he was not at all confident the men sent from the Central Office and from the various precinct headquarters would be proof against the adroitness of Indian noblemen, adepts, and thugs. Moreover, it was as good as certain that the Swami, the Prince, and their followers would not seek to flee the city by any ordinary route. Britz himself, had he been free to continue the pursuit, would have looked first to the most extraordinary modes of flight compatible with practical conditions.

From what he knew of the men, by this time it would not amaze him greatly to find they had left the city by airship or submarine, slightly improbable as either means of transit might have been a few years before.

"Bottled up, doc?" he exclaimed gloomily.

"That's what it looks like," assented Fitch.

"Unless," Britz continued, "we can get that gun—"

"And use it effectively," put in Fitch.

"I'm something of a shot," the detective ventured, meditatively. "Maybe I could hit it, and maybe I could get that gun."

His eyes, ranging the room in the immediate neighborhood of the chiffonier, had alighted upon the water pipe. The long, flexible rubber stem of the narghileh was stretched across the table and the mouthpiece hung over the back of a chair within a few feet of the top of the chiffonier.

"I'll try it," said the detective decisively. "Give a hand here, doc!"

Fitch hooked one arm about the ornamental knob at the back of the chiffonier, and with his free hand gripped the detective's left wrist. Britz, his left hand clutching the doctor's sleeve, the toe of his left boot thrust between the chiffonier and the wall, leaned far out in an attempt to reach the tube of the water pipe. He withdrew his arm quickly, however, and gave a little nervous cough as the drab death that lay coiled in the middle of the floor straightened its sinistral length and glided swiftly across the room, then coiled itself once more directly under the spot where the detective's stretching fingers had been. Once more the head arose with that strange, sinuous, swaying motion, and it began to move slowly back and forth, while the glittering eyes seemed to shoot sparks toward the man who hung at such fearful hazard above it.

"Gee!" said Britz. "This is getting a little too close for comfort. How far can that thing stretch, doctor?"

"No higher than that," answered Fitch, "at least, I think not. I understand the cobra can strike only straight forward."

"Sure it can't make an upper cut?" inquired the sleuth.

"I'm not going to say positively, I'm not sure of anything with that kind of a brute," Fitch answered. "The best way is to take no chances. Let me have a try for the gun."

A bifurcated scarlet thread, the slender forked tongue of the reptile, darted in and out of its gaping jaws in a frenzied way. It was apparent to anyone—he be scientist or layman—that the serpent was in a white heat of fury. Woe betide the human flesh that came within reach of that eager, death-dealing venom.

Britz, though he was known the length and breadth of the department as the coolest proposition under Manning's command, frankly shuddered as he watched the undulating menace of the serpent's body, and the staccato play of the tongue that seemed to mock him with the deadly humor of a fiend. He was willing to risk his life, if need be, to prevent the escape of the dark, subtle, envenomed fiend, but he had not been hit with fatal result. Suddenly the physician seized Britz arm in a nervous grasp.

"By Jupiter!" he exclaimed. "You've shot out its tongue!"

True enough. The fifth bullet had passed between the gaping jaws of the reptile and taken off the greater part of that darting scarlet thread as neatly as a sharp instrument could snuff a candle. While the wound doubtless caused agony to the snake, it did not lessen its anger. The poison-charged fangs remained in its mouth, and the cutting off of its tongue swelled its fury to the ultimate degree.

(To Be Continued.)

"Now, then, doc," he said briskly. "Let's see if we can't put the reverse English on the garden of Eden episode. Here's where the seed of the woman bruises the serpent with his heel."

"I would advise you to do your bruising at long distance," said Fitch, "and unless you have more cartridges about you, I wouldn't waste a shot. You won't find it easy to hit him."

Britz in a moment or two realized the doctor spoke true. The swaying, neutral-tinted body was no easy mark for the most practiced marksman. His first shot went wide. The bullet imbedded itself in a leg of the table with a rasping sound that only infuriated the cobra the more. Britz's nerve slightly shaken by the miss, fired again quickly, and caused the snake to oscillate more and more violently. It became apparent he would gain nothing by aiming at its head.

"I'll have a try at him 'midships," he said.

Only three loaded cartridges remained in the revolver, and as Britz found no extra ones in any of his pockets, he knew he must make the most of those he had. A third time the pistol cracked. The bullet grazed the serpent's flesh. It did not injure the spine. Quickly the upraised part of the body sank upon the coil, but it reared itself again in an instant, and the furious darting of the tongue revealed that the reptile was more enraged than ever.

"Want to take a crack at it, doc?" asked the detective, handing the weapon to the physician.

Fitch had no poor idea of himself as a fancy shot, but he found his muscular control too sadly shaken by his narrow escape from the cobra to shoot straight. His shot—the fourth—was a wider miss than any of the detective's had been. He handed the pistol back to the Headquarters man and shook his head.

"You're the man to stay on the firing line," he said.

Britz eyed the revolver grimly. In its blue-steel chamber were four empty cartridges and only one that held the potentiality of release from their dangerously uncertain refuge on the chiffonier. Crooking his left arm, he used the angle made by his elbow as a rest and leveled the long blue barrel of the big-calibered weapon steadily. Pausing until the swaying of the serpent diminished as much as it apparently was going to do, he fired.

A writhing, twisting snarl was the result. The cobra coiled and uncoiled with electric rapidity, traveling in circles all over the space between the chiffonier and the table whence Britz had lassoed the pistol. Plainly the reptile was hit—mortally wounded, he thought, but as he started to descend impatiently, Fitch seized him and literally flung him back on the chiffonier's smooth top.

"Not yet," said the doctor, nervously. "Let's wait a minute."

It was profitable patience. For after probably a minute of terrible struggle, the cobra returned to its coil and once more reared its head. The gray body throbbled fiercely, but closer scrutiny showed the man the snake had not been hit with fatal result. Suddenly the physician seized Britz arm in a nervous grasp.

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(To Be Continued.)

"No, doc," said the detective firmly. "It was my fool carelessness that left that gun on that table, and it's up to me to get it. You hold me fast and sit tight, and if anybody gets stung, it'll be me."

Once again Britz, warily watching the snake, stretched forth his arm, stretched his fingers until he could almost feel them crack and strained his muscles almost beyond endurance, the while his nerve was subjected to the severest test of all his experience. At last he nipped the smooth amber of the pipistem's mouthpiece between the tips of his first and second fingers. It was the slightest of grasps; but so steady were the nerves of the Headquarters man that although the cobra was swaying seemed to approach ever nearer the arm and naked wrist that shrank involuntarily from the fancied death-thrust of those gleaming fangs, still he did not flinch. He clung to the pipistem, his fingers steadily drawing it toward him until he had a firm clutch on the rubber tube. Then with a powerful upward and backward heave, he regained his position on the chiffonier, the twisting hose gripped in his hand. The other end of the pipistem still was attached to the bowl of the narghileh. As the tube festooned between the table and the chiffonier, it went close to the head of the cobra. Lightning-like, the head dashed toward it, fangs bristling, and only a quick twitch of the detective's fingers snatched the stem before the reach of those poison-frightened ivory needles.

That jerk freed the other end of the tube from the pipe bowl, and Britz quickly looped it in his hands. Holding both ends of the long stem, he knotted a single loop in the middle and flung it like a double lariat upon the table beside the pistol. Slowly dragging the pipistem back, he pulled it, after several trials, about the chamber of the weapon. Then, handing one end of the tube to the doctor, Britz took hold of the other, explaining his purpose to Fitch in a few words. The detective stretched his arm away from the chiffonier at one end; the physician did the same at the other, and they stood pulling in opposite directions, thus tightening the loop about the pistol. When the grip of the tube on the weapon was firm enough, it was comparatively easy to swing the revolver from the table to the chiffonier. Britz gripped the gun with an intake of breath that betokened satisfaction.

"Now, then, doc," he said briskly. "Let's see if we can't put the reverse English on the garden of Eden episode. Here's where the seed of the woman bruises the serpent with his heel."

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Shoes for women in Blacks, Tans, White Canvas and Buck; Patent Leathers. The latest styles.

**O. H. LESTZ**

Cor. Square and Carlisle St.,

Gettysburg, Pa.

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Cor. Square and Carlisle St.,  
Gettysburg, Pa.

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**Register's Notice**  
In re-estate of Daniel Beitman, late of Huntingdon Township, Adams County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to all legatees and persons interested that the First and Final Account of Wm. Hersh, Administrator d. b. n. c. t. a. of the estate of Daniel Beitman, deceased, together with a schedule of distribution of the balance shown by said account, has this day been filed in this office, and confirmed nisi by the Orphan's Court of Adams County, unless exceptions are filed thereto on or before the 8th day of July, 1912, at 10:30 A. M. said account will be confirmed absolute and distribution made as therein sued.

June 8th, 1912.

E. H. BERKHEIMER, Register.

SHOES shined quickly and well by Pettis Bros., Chambersburg street.

## A Small Farm at Private Sale

Situated in Highland Township, Adams Co., Pa. Containing about 30 acres more or less. Situated along the road leading from the Fairfield road to Knoxlyn Mills, one mile from the former place and 1/2 miles from the latter place, improved with a two-story weather boarded house and barn, and necessary outbuildings, 2 wells 1 at barn and 1 at the house and a good cistern at the house, a good supply of fruit, apples, grapes and cherries, several acres of timber, convenient to churches, stores, mills, schools and blacksmith shop, any person desiring to view the property can call on J. A. Adams, residing on the farm or H. W. Weaver, or the undersigned. Terms easy

**C. L. Pfoutz.**

## G. W. WEAVER & SON

We have just received several new patterns of

### Oil Cloth and Linoleum

which will make it an easy matter for you to select what you want in any width desired.

Why not cover your kitchen or dining room with one solid piece of LINOLEUM 3 or 4 yards wide, and have no troublesome seams. We have several remnants of 2 yd wide LINOLEUM in lengths of 1 to 5 yds, that will be closed out at 80 cts per running yard. If you want INLAID LINOLEUM, the better kind, we have it in nice patterns at \$1.12½ per square yd.

We are headquarters for Meritas Table Oil Cloth, the best on the market.

We still have a few of those nice Jute Rugs, 27x54 inches, at 49 cts. A better grade in nice designs and colors, 27x54 in \$1, 36x72 in \$1.25, 9x12 ft \$8.

That jerk freed the other end of the tube from the pipe bowl, and Britz quickly looped it in his hands. Holding both ends of the long stem, he knotted a single loop in the middle and flung it like a double lariat upon the table beside the pistol. Slowly dragging the pipistem back, he pulled it, after several trials, about the chamber of the weapon. Then, handing one end of the tube to the doctor, Britz took hold of the other, explaining his purpose to Fitch in a few words. The detective stretched his arm away from the chiffonier at one end; the physician did the same at the other, and they stood pulling in opposite directions, thus tightening the loop about the pistol. When the grip of the tube on the weapon was firm enough, it was comparatively easy to swing the revolver from the table to the chiffonier. Britz gripped the gun with an intake of breath that betokened satisfaction.